

**SEINFELD****"The Visitors"**

FanScript by N.Torres © 2017.

(Based on Characters created by  
Jerry Seinfeld and Larry David)

**CAST**

JERRY

GEORGE

KRAMER

ELAINE

**GUEST CAST**

HITLER

DOROTHY/JUDY GARLAND

GUNTER THE NAZI GUARD

PROF. WEENERTHROBBER

This is a fan-parody. I do not own the rights to any characters herein. PLEASE DO NOT ATTEMPT ANY KIND OF PERFORMANCE OF THIS SCRIPT WHATSOEVER. Guys, it is not exactly of episode length which to my knowledge was about 40 screen pages. I don't get paid for writing this shit and I will not spend more time and energy on it even if they did want to pay me. I do this to get crap out of my system. Do not contact me about anything regarding this work unless its just to say you liked or hated it. Do not make it available for purchase anywhere. Do not print and sell this script. Just download it and enjoy and share the web-link with people. Do not write asking to purchase or produce this script, I will not be interested. Send comments to [gift.tower3000@gmail.com](mailto:gift.tower3000@gmail.com). Or make comments on the archive.org webpage of this free download. I reserve any right to answer or not answer any and all emails sent to me. For those curious it only took me less than 24 hours to write this script once I got the idea. It is presented in more of a stageplay format than a teleplay or screenplay because open office left justified the copy-pasted text taken from Celtx. And I don't care to fix it.

“THE VISITORS”

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Jerry enters his apartment, places a briefcase down on the kitchen counter. Kramer enters unannounced.

KRAMER

What's up, Jerry?

JERRY

I found a briefcase.

KRAMER

Oh yeah? This one here?

(Jerry nods)

KRAMER

Who does it belong to?

JERRY

No idea. When I found it, it didn't come with a person attached.

KRAMER

Where?

JERRY

On the street. In front of the corner grocery store. Juan's Grocery.

KRAMER

Did you call Juan? Maybe it belongs to him or someone who works there?

JERRY

I just got home. I haven't had time to do anything.

KRAMER

Open it.

JERRY

The briefcase?

KRAMER

Yes. You never know...

(Walks over to briefcase, stares at it)

KRAMER

There might be a million dollars in it.

JERRY

Ah c'mon, its a bit too small for a million bucks to fit in.

KRAMER

A million singles oh yeah. But not a one million dollar bill!

Jerry

There's no such thing as a million dollar bill, is there?

KRAMER

Oh yes there is! Non-negotiable platinum certificates called "One million Dollar Special Issue". Try getting change for one of those babies at your local bank! Its just that people like you and me, we never get to see such a thing. But the Rich and Infamous, the evil Hitlers of this world, they get to see and touch anything and everything that exists in monetary form. That's why they live in high rise penthouses and we live down here among the lowly in the junkyards.

JERRY

Hey, my place is not a junkyard. It has junk yes but its respectable junk. And what do you mean Hitler-penthouse?

KRAMER

Hitler is still alive, Jerry.

JERRY

And living in a penthouse in New York?

KRAMER

Oh yeah, you bet. You see, they rescued his brain, kept it on ice, and then they cloned him. I read about it and saw a video on the internet.

JERRY

I told you to stay away from those crazy websites. Those sites can warp your mind. If its not already too late.

KRAMER

Its too late--trust me Jerry. Now, let's open the case and see what's inside.

(Picks up the case)

JERRY

I already tried, its locked, we need the combination. Put the case down, Kramer.

KRAMER

Rats. I wont be able to sleep tonight unless I know what's in it. We need a knife. We'll pry it open.

JERRY

No. I want to be able to return it to its rightful owner undamaged and containing all of its original contents.

KRAMER

(shakes the case, we hear a heavy object, sounds like a brick inside)

There's something inside. Its big and heavy. Hear that?

JERRY

Stop molesting the briefcase!

KRAMER

Jerry, what we have here is a Catch-22. You can't return it until you find out who it belongs to, and you can't find out who it belongs to unless you open it. So opening it by force is the only option left. Even if it means world war III.

JERRY

No. no, no. I left my number with the cashier at the grocery. Whoever lost it will retrace his steps and will eventually return to the store asking questions. That phone will ring any minute, the owner will stop by here and the case will be returned to him or her.

KRAMER

Jerry, you can be a real party-pooper.

Jerry

Be that as it may, you will not be laying a hand on that alligator skin briefcase.

(The case slips out of Kramer's hands and falls to the floor!)

Jerry

Be careful! You did that on purpose. You tried to break it open!

KRAMER

Can you blame me?

JERRY

No. Not really.

(Jerry picks up case and puts it back on counter)

JERRY

Hands off.

The door opens and George enters. He looks confused, worried.

GEORGE

I just ran into the most diabolical human being I ever met in my entire life!

Jerry

What happened?

GEORGE

I hailed a cab. I was about to get in the cab when a woman shouted and pointed and said. "That woman over there, she's dying! Somebody help her!" I turned to look for just one second, a measly glance, and when I turned back, she had stolen my cab!

JERRY

No! The nerve of her!

GEORGE

Boy, I'd like to give that woman a piece of my mind! I would let her have it! I would really tell her off!

KRAMER

If you ever see her again could you recognize her?

GEORGE

Oh I know exactly who she is! Everybody knows who she is! She's famous!

JERRY

Who was she?

GEORGE

Hillary Clinton! Yeah that's right, Mrs. first lady herself and former secretary of state, Hillary Clinton! You know, madam president!

Jerry

Hillary Clinton stole your cab?

George

Yep! How do you like them peaches?

(throws arms up in air)

KRAMER

Now that's just not right. What's this world coming to when our very own politicians go around stealing things and lying? Its unheard of!

(The door opens and Elaine enters)

Elaine

Hello, sirs. You will not believe who i just saw on the stairs coming up here.

Jerry

Hillary Clinton stole George's cab!

ELAINE

GET OUTTA HERE! SHE DID NOT!

GEORGE

She did indeed!

ELAINE

Oh, you gotta get revenge!

GEORGE

How? She's a powerful woman. And me? I am just, well, I'm me. I go near her and I'm a stalker. I'll be arrested and thrown into some C.I.A. dungeon or something. I don't do well in prisons. I'm allergic to jails.

JERRY

So who did you see, Elaine?

ELAINE

What?

JERRY

You said you saw someone on the stairs.

ELAINE

Oh yeah. There must be some kind of costume party going on in this building. I walk in and who do I see? Hitler himself! The leader of the Third Reich. Grand Master of the Master Race! With his little black bunny rabbit pencil thin mustache and Nazi uniform with matching boots!

JERRY

Funny, its not Halloween. And I usually find out if someone is having a party in this building, because they usually invite me, whether I attend or not.

GEORGE

You're always invited?

JERRY

Sure, benefit of being famous, you know?

KRAMER

And you're funny, don't forget that. They want to hear jokes. And who better than the great Jerry Seinfeld?

GEORGE

You're always invited? Why don't you ever give me a call? Maybe I would want to go to a party.

JERRY

George, come on...

GEORGE

No, no excuses, I'm rightfully offended! My own friend won't call me to go to a party with him!

JERRY

George, I often don't call Elaine or Kramer either. It's just one of those things. They don't usually ask me to bring anyone with me.

GEORGE

What thing, Jerry? What *thing*? You leave your friends out of the loop and it's just "a *thing*" to you. Well you just broke my heart Jerry! You broke my heart! You pointed in the other direction and you yelled she's dying! Help her! And you stole my cab! It hurts Jerry. It really hurts!

JERRY

Does saying I'm sorry help?

George

Not good enough. Find out which apartment the party is in and take us three with you. I want to eat pretzels and drink punch.

ELAINE

And I want music and dancing.

KRAMER

I just want to steal food from their kitchen cupboards.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JERRY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Elaine is there with Kramer.

Elaine

There he is. Hitler.

Hitler enters looking upset.

HITLER

What am I doing here in America? How did I get here? Who kidnapped me? Was it you two?

ELAINE

Are you addressing us?

KRAMER

Listen man, I don't know what your problem is but you had better leave me and my lady friend alone, or else.

HITLER

Or else what? What will you do?

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KRAMER

(scared)

I'll call the police.

HITLER

I fear not your worthless police! I will crush them under my boots!

KRAMER

Well, all crushing and stomping aside, a night in a New York City jail is no fun.

HITLER

Gunter!!! Come up here!!!

A large burly Nazi guard, three times the size of Kramer enters.

GUNTER

Mein Fuhrer, are these two Americans causing you grief?

HITLER

Yes, but do nothing yet. We must find out how we arrived here first.

Dorothy

(offscreen)

Toto!? Toto?!

(Dorothy enters)

Have any of you seen my dog? The last thing I remember I was walking down the yellow brick road and then I was here.

Elaine

No, I haven't seen your dog, but I may have seen your marbles.

DOROTHY

My marbles? I don't understand.

KRAMER

Neither do I. She's looking for her dog not mar--ahhhh, I get it. Coo-coo, coo-coo!

ELAINE

Be quiet.

(Jerry pops his head out of his apartment)

JERRY

The guy who owns the briefcase called. He's coming to pick it up. He'll be here any minute. Is everything okay?

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ELAINE

Everything is fine. Why do you ask?

JERRY

Okay, come inside.

(Elaine and Kramer go in. The others start to move)

JERRY

Not you. YOU guys stay out here.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Elaine, Kramer, Jerry and George.

JERRY

Who were those costumed people?

GEORGE

What costumed people?

ELAINE

Hitler and Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz are in the hallway.

GEORGE

Really? Does she have Toto?

(George moves toward apartment door)

JERRY

Do not open that door.

GEORGE

I want to see Toto.

ELAINE

He's right. Don't open it. They are insane.

GEORGE

Its New York. What else is new?

JERRY

The door stays closed. My place is not a haven for lunatics.

(There is a knock on the door. Jerry looks through the peephole)

JERRY

Must be the guy owns the briefcase.

ELAINE

Is he weird? Does he look weird? How weird is he? I'm only saying this because this whole day has been weird. How weird is he?

JERRY

He looks normal. Old but normal.

ELAINE

Normal New York or normal California?

JERRY

I don't even know what that means. Mr. Prof. Weenerthrobber? Is that you?

ELAINE

Weenerthrobber?

WEENERTHROBBER

(offscreen)

Yes, yes! It is I!

Jerry opens the door. Weenerthrobber an aging man with beard and trench coat enters.

WEENERTHROBBER

Come come my friends. Come in.

Jerry

No! Please no! Oh, boy!

They are all inside. Hitler, Gunter, and Dorothy, and a small Munchkin enters too.

WEENERTHROBBER

Hi. I am Professor Weenerthrobber.

(They all chuckle childishly but manage to keep from bursting)

WEENERTHROBBER

Yes, I know, an unfortunate name. Many have laughed and with good reason. When I arrived in America years ago as a child, my name was Veinershroeber but the man in charge of my case at Ellis Island thought it would be funny to change it to Weenerthrobber. Have to admit now that I understand English much better I see just how funny it is. I love seeing the expressions on people's faces when I tell them my name! It has provided me with great amusement over the years. Ha-ha! Actually, now that that scandalous politician Mr. Anthony Weiner has arrived on the scene, I get less laughs. His name has taken center stage, he has been lifted up above me, his notoriety erected high, his reputation taller than my own, his ego is huge and fat! Ha-ha-ha-ha! But I regress when I should be getting *ahead* of myself! Where is the case?

JERRY

There.

(points to counter)

Weenerthrobbber moves towards the briefcase, and unlocks it, opens it, takes out a strange device.

WEENERTHROBBBER

This is a Quantum Time Splitter. My own design. We inventors must make such things smaller and smaller, more portable, or the military industrial complex won't buy them. Whatever happened to it simply works? Now it has to be it works but it also fits in your back pocket. Small small small. And smaller yet. Ladies and gentlemen I have managed to split time and reality. This man here is the real Adolf Hitler. Brought forward from the past to the present. This is the fictitious Dorothy brought sideways from the imagination of L. Frank Baum himself but given flesh and blood by the actress Judy Garland. Real people can only move backwards and forwards in time. Dreams and imagination move side to side through time. We arrive at fantasy through acts of faith and imagination which can only be captured differently than we do physical people. We must capture thoughts by traveling through time-lines of the mind, using thought waves as the foundation for grabbing ideas from the mind and creating people from them. Its the best explanation I have. Sorry I can't be clearer than this. If you are confused join the club. I hired a computer programmer to make the final complex calculations. I am just as much in the dark as you are. Now they must return from where they came or we might experience some kind of deadly time paradox.

KRAMER

I'm sorry, could you please repeat what you just said? Starting with Hi.

A portal appears. And like zombies the four step through it and are gone. The portal closes.

WEENERTHROBBBER

You activated the device somehow. And you somehow had these people still in mind when the device became active.

KRAMER

I dropped it. By accident.

JERRY

I wasn't thinking of the Wizard of Oz. Were you?

KRAMER

No.

GEORGE

I was. Hillary Clinton. I was thinking she was the wicked witch of the west.

ELAINE

I'm melting. I'm melting. What did I do wrong?

JERRY

She would never say What did I do wrong. She would say What's happening?

ELAINE

Yes she would if she were a witch.

KRAMER

She is. She has strange power over all government agencies. They do her bidding. Same as the mass media. They are all under her witch's spell.

WEENERTHROBBER

Dropping the device can do the trick. I must fix that. You are lucky you did not bring back jack the ripper. He might have killed you immediately. I must go now.

JERRY

You know that's not the kind of thing you should leave laying around.

WEENERTHROBBER

I am sorry for the trouble caused.

Elaine

That thing Is dangerous. What do you plan to do with it?

WEENERTHROBBER

Sell it to the highest bidder. I'll settle for a million dollars.

KRAMER

Its worth much more than that.

WEENERTHROBBER

Think so?

KRAMER

Oh yeah. With that thing you can open the greatest travel agency ever created.

WEENERTHROBBER

Sadly I am not a businessman. I am merely an inventor. But now that you mention it I do see the value in raising my price.

KRAMER

Why be poor when you can be super rich and live in a penthouse?

WEENERTHROBBER

I see your point. Who would want to live in a place like this, its a junkyard.

JERRY

Hey, I take offense to that. Why is everyone calling my place a junkyard?

KRAMER

Any chance I could see a little of those millions?

WEENERTHROBBER

You didn't do anything to earn anything from my device.

KRAMER

I proved it worked.

WEENERTHROBBER

I already proved that. I brought the Roman Emperor Augustus's wife, Livia, forward in time. But she refuses to go back. Spends all her time now shopping, running for office, and stealing cabs from people. Goodbye, good people. Farewell. See you in time. (He exits)

George

I am sad. There is no party. I won't get to go to any party.

ELAINE

No music, no dancing.

KRAMER

No shoplifting.

JERRY

Guys, we just had a party. And it was a great party. Be happy!

ELAINE

Jerry, the Nazi party doesn't count. And Toto is still somewhere lost in this city.

GEORGE

Let's go see if we can find him.

KRAMER

Dibs on selling him.

JERRY

Should be easy to find him.

ELAINE

How's that?

JERRY

He's a stray with no one to pick up after him. Just follow the little brown droppings.

(They all grab their coats and exit)

The End.

“THE VISITORS”

